

O that I could make her, whom I
love best. Tell with a sweet smile,
that she respecteth All my
lamenting^; and that, in her
heart,

Mournfully she rues! For my
deserts were worthy the favours Of
such a fair Nymph, might she be
fairer ! O then a firm faith, what
may be richer ?

Then to my love yield!
Then will I leave these tears to the
waste rocks! Then will I leave these
sighs to the rough winds ! O that I
could make her, whom I love best,
Pity my long smart!

ODE 19.



|| HY should I weep in vain, poor and
remedyless ? Why should I make
complaint to the deaf wilderness ? Why
should I sigh for ease? Sighs, they
breed
malady!

Why should I groan in heart ? Groans, they
bring misery! Why should tears, complaints, and
sighs, mingled with heavy
groans,

Practise their cruelty, whiles I complain to
stones ? O what a cruel heart, with such a
tyranny, Hardly she practiseth, in griefs
extremity ? Such to make conquered whom she
would have depressed, Such a man to disease,
whom she would have oppressed. O but,
PARTHENOPHE ! turn, and be pitiful! Cruelty,
beauty stains ! Thou, Sweet! art beautiful! If
that I made offence, my love is all the fault
Which thou can charge me with, then do not
make assault With such extremities, for my
kind hearty love ! But for love's pity sake, from
me, thy frowns remove!